

THE RECENTLY STOLEN RELICS OF LORD NELSON

THE recent theft of relics associated with the life and death of England's great hero, Lord Nelson, which were supposed to be closely watched by the custodians of Greenwich Hospital For Naval Pensioners, has aroused in the British nation a sense of the inadequate protection afforded many of its priceless heirlooms. Certainly no more precious relic could have been taken than those which brought to mind the heroic deeds of England's darling, her "Napoleon of the ocean," who annihilated the French navy by employing the same tactics in naval warfare as were employed by Bonaparte on land.

As if to add insult to the injury and place the recovery of these invaluable mementoes wholly beyond recall, the thieves seemed to have had in view only the intrinsic value of the ornaments they stole from the hospital, wrenching the gold mountings from presentation swords and their scabbards, jewels from their settings and even the gold buttons from the uniform worn by Nelson when he received his death wound at Trafalgar. In all there were 11 articles stolen, no one of which, of course, can be duplicated. The list comprises an enamel portrait of Lord Nelson in a gold case, presented to the nation by children of his reputed daughter; a gold star of the Turkish Order of the Crescent, a medal for the victory at Trafalgar, a commemorative medal presented by Spain, Nelson's gold watch and chain, worn by him at the time he received the wound that caused his death; medals in honor of the victories of Cape St. Vincent and the Nile, actually worn by Lord Nelson as decorations; a gold box presented to him with the freedom of the city of London, a gold sword hilt from the captains of the fleet who were with him at the battle of the Nile, a dress sword and gold hilted scimitar presented after the battle of the Nile by the sultan of Turkey.

A mere enumeration of these stolen relics recalls some of England's most glorious victories, commemorating as they do several of the greatest naval actions that have ever taken place between ships with wooden walls. Although Lord Nelson now and then made himself obnoxious to American seamen, yet he was born too late to participate in the naval battles during the Revolutionary war, and he died too soon to be engaged in the inglorious war of 1812-14.

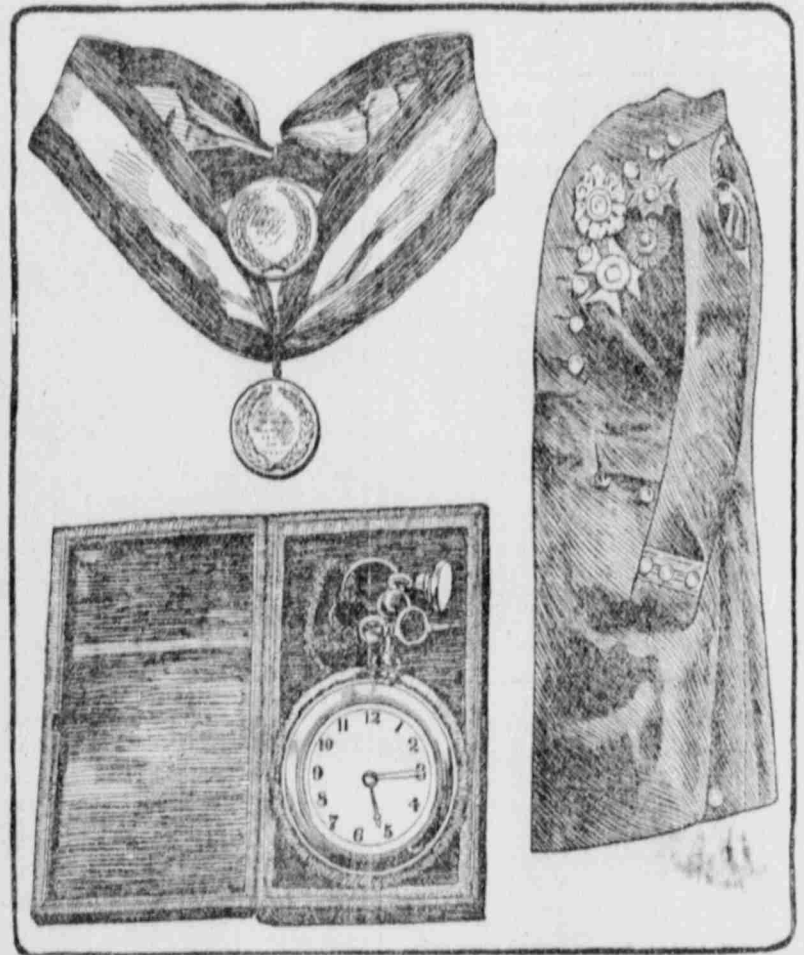
Horatio Nelson, the son of a country clergyman, was born Sept. 29, 1758 (11 years before the birth of Bonaparte, whose schemes of conquest he so often frustrated by his vigilance), in the little town of Burnham Thorpe, Nor-

presented him for this service and the gold box containing the freedom of the city of London. His right arm was shattered by grapeshot in this battle and was amputated, while in the battle of the Nile, which took place the following year in the bay of Aboukir, he received a severe wound in the head.

He had searched for the French fleet in almost every nook and corner of the Mediterranean, and at last had discovered it. Defeat for the enemy was a foregone conclusion. It was an all night battle, lasting from 8 p. m. till daylight next morning, and as his reward England bestowed upon him the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile, with a pension of £2,000 for himself and two successors. Two of the missing relics are the gold hilt of the sword presented to Nelson by the captains of his fleet at the bay of Aboukir and the magnificent dress sword and scimitar which were given him by the sultan.

For his services at Naples Nelson was rewarded with the dukedom of Bronte, with a revenue of £1,000 a year, and for his part in the Copenhagen affair he was made a viscount. It was while bombarding the Danish fleet, it may be recalled, that, when signaled by the admiral of the fleet, Sir Hyde Parker, to discontinue the engagement, Nelson placed his telescope to his blind eye and declared he couldn't read it—a grim joke better appreciated by the British than by the unfortunate Danes. This encounter took place in 1801, the same year that, infatuated by the charms of Lady Hamilton, he separated from the faithful wife to whom he had been married 14 years before. An interval of peace occurring, Nelson retired to his country seat, taking with him Sir William and Lady Hamilton, to enjoy a well earned period of rest.

In 1805 he was appointed commander of the Mediterranean fleet and devoted his energies to the blockading of the French fleet, which, however, es-



folk, England. One of the first voyages he ever undertook was to the West Indies, with which islands he is peculiarly associated through his cruises in the Caribbean sea and his marriage. From the tropics he sailed to the arctic on the famous Philips expedition in 1773, and the only time he was on American shores was in 1782, when he made but a brief stay at New York.

In the year 1781 Nelson married a West Indian lady, the Widow Nesbit, from whom he was separated 14 years later on account of his devotion to Lady Hamilton. He found and married his wife in the small island of Nevis, celebrated as the birthplace of Alexander Hamilton, the great Federalist. The little church in which the ceremony was performed is still standing, and the tattered register shows the name of Horatio Nelson in his own handwriting. So in a way (in the sense that the West Indies pertain to America) Lord Nelson established a claim to have married an American as his only legitimate wife.

It was when he was serving aboard the Agamemnon in 1793 that, having been sent to Naples on an important mission, he first met Sir William and Lady Hamilton. The next year he lost an eye, and for his victory of Cape St. Vincent, though he had gone counter to his admiral's orders, he was knighted. It was in 1795 that he won this great naval battle, and among the treasured objects stolen from Greenwich hospital, as mentioned, were the gold medals

THE YOUNG MAHARAJAH OF PATIALA.

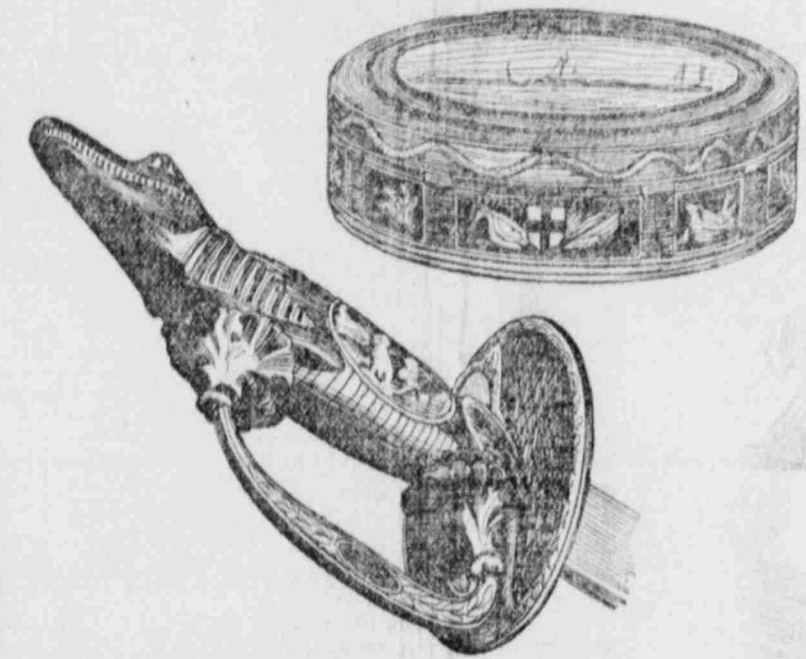


The young gentleman whose portrait appears in connection with this article was born with a golden spoon in his mouth, for he is the Maharajah of Patiala, a petty Indian kingdom in many things that give life an interest to mortals here below. Although he looks older, he has known only ten summers, and would not have been placed in the distinguished position he holds except for the death of his father, the H. H. Rajendra Singh Mahendra Bahadur, G. C. S. I., whose overpowering name and titles the son will some time inherit. He is now known as the Tika Sahib. He is a good rifle shot, a capital cricket player, an amateur jockey and an expert pig sticker, and though possessed already of so many accomplishments, will soon be sent to England to finish his education.

PROMINENT PERSONS.

Alon S. Sherman, who was Chicago's third mayor, is still living at the age of 93. He was born in Vermont. His present home is in Waukegan, Ill., and he seldom visits the city over which he ruled many years ago. He moved out of Chicago before the big fire.

The shortest biography in the new Congressional Directory is that of Con-



ceived and gave him a merry chase before it was finally overtaken and encountered. As there were no telegraphic cables in those days, Nelson had no means of obtaining information as to its whereabouts; but, surmising that it might have gone to the West Indies, he sailed nearly half around the world—to the Caribbean sea and back—only to learn that it had combined with the Spanish fleet off Cadiz, whither he immediately went in pursuit.

The result was the decisive battle of Trafalgar, when, on the eve of that fierce conflict, he hoisted the famous signal on his flagship, the Victory, "England expects that every man will do his duty!" This was a little before noon, Oct. 21, 1805. About 1 o'clock the Victory, having been taken into the very center of the enemy's line, poured a terrible broadside into the French commander's flagship, but fouled with another frigate, the Redoubtable, from the mizzenmast of which a musket shot was fired that laid Lord Nelson low. He had appeared on deck wearing his admiral's coat, bearing upon his left breast the insignia of the orders with which he had been invested, saying in answer to a remonstrance that he was making himself a conspicuous mark for the enemy, "In honor I gained them, and in honor I will die with them!" His words came true, for at a quarter past 1 he was struck in the shoulder by the musket ball that caused his death three hours later in the cockpit of the Victory. Passing through the strap of the left aquilet, the fatal missile ranged downward through his lungs and lodged in the muscles of the back. He fell to the deck, and as his friend Hardy tried to raise him said, "They have done for me at last!" But he still took the keenest interest in the battle, and when Hardy brought the welcome news that 14 or 15 of the enemy's ships had struck exclaimed, "That is well, but I bargained for 20!"

Taken to England on the Victory (which is still preserved at Portsmouth and on Trafalgar day flies the famous signal last set by Nelson's command), his body lay in state in the Painted Hall at Greenwich previous to interment in the crypt of St. Paul's. It was from this same hall that the trophies of his valor were stolen. The most precious of these relics, however, the admiral's coat worn by him when he was wounded, was left behind by the thieves, as being intrinsically of no value. This coat and the painting by that famous American, Benjamin West, representing the death scene on board the Victory, are now the most cherished mementoes remaining of one who more than any other commander of his time contributed to the naval supremacy of Great Britain.

WALTER AMSDEN.

MUMIFIED HEAD OF RAMESES II.

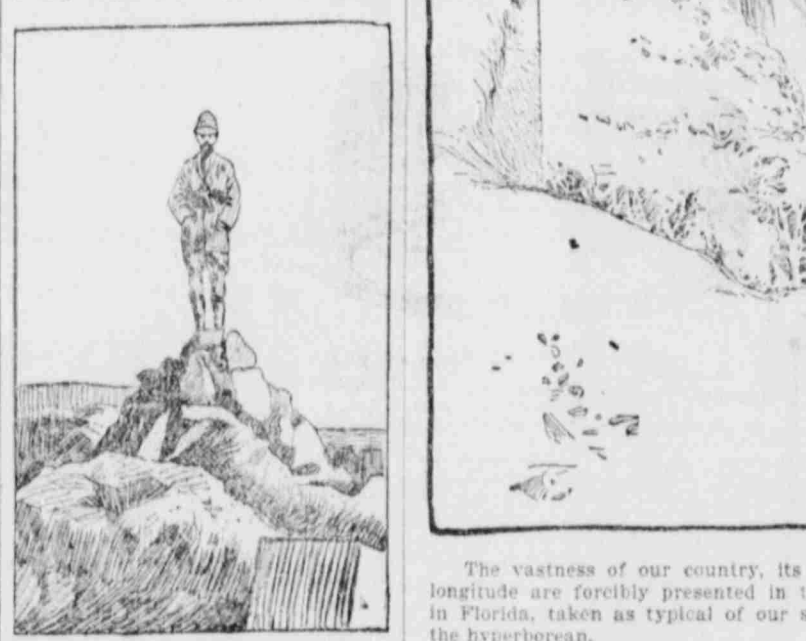
The Egyptologists are at present exercised over the discovery of what they are pleased to term "Egypt's oldest man," who was found in a shallow grave, hollowed out of the sandstone on the west bank of the Nile. He belonged, judging by the utensils buried with him in his stone grave, to the neolithic, or most ancient known, period of Egypt's history.

far back in remote ages preceding the reign of Menes, the first historical king of the country. As this particular mummy was not altogether presentable, that of one of Egypt's most famous kings is herewith shown—Rameses II, who reigned some 3,900 years ago and who was stripped of his mummy wrappings in 1884.

MAJUBA HILL AT LAST.

This illustration furnishes convincing proof that the British have at last reached the great goal of their desire—Majuba Hill—for here is the picture of one standing on its summit. He might be taken for Patience on a monument, so rigid and erect he stands; but, no, he is only a plain, everyday adjutant of the Nineteenth Hussars who attained to this proud eminence by the skillful use of his legs.

But what a memory to Britishers is Majuba Hill, where General Joubert, leading an undisciplined mob of Boers, broke a British square and at the same time almost broke the British heart.



at one time the bottom of a lake which was connected with Lakes Huron and Erie.

State Senator J. H. Stout of Menominee, Wis., has given to that city a residence building to be used as a farmers' resting place. Its maintenance is to be assumed by the city.

Police Magistrate Peter J. Carous of St. Louis suggests a new way of solving the tramp problem. He says that all vagrants ought to be sent to some

lonely island in the Pacific, where they should be subjected to strict military discipline for six months and then sent to the Philippine Islands to chase Aguinaldo.

Professor Frederick Starr of the University of Virginia started recently on a six months' trip among some of the unknown tribes of Mexico. The Llancones, one of the tribes he expects to visit, are one of the least known people in the western hemisphere. Pro-

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER AND FUTURE DUCHESS, MISS SHELAH CORNWALLIS WEST.

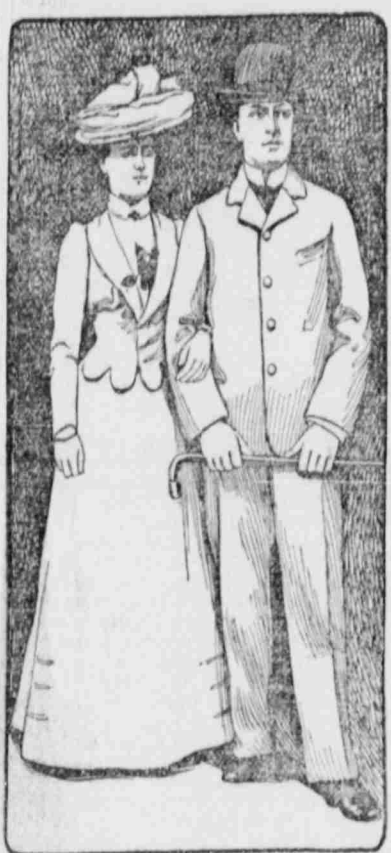


The engagement of the Duke of Westminster and Miss Shelah Cornwallis West, whose portraits herewith appear has been announced, and the marriage will probably take place early in the spring. This promises to be a great occasion in England, for it is not often that a good looking scion of the strawberry leaves, and one many times over a millionaire at that, is put up in the matrimonial market. The Cornwallis Wests, indeed, will have furnished the marital sensations of this year and last, although in a widely different sense. It was said to have been very repugnant to Mrs. Cornwallis West last July to deliver her young son into the hands of Lady Randolph Churchill, but she now has compensation for whatever worry she may have suffered then. The family is not titled, but Cornwallis West pere is a gentleman of leisure who, notwithstanding he stutters atrociously, sits in parliament. The mother of Miss Shelah was and still is a famous beauty, declared by good judges to be better looking than her second daughter, the young lady in question. The elder daughter, the Princess Henry of Bismarck, is also a noted beauty, but of a different type from her sister, being a pronounced blond. It is predicted that the marriage will be the greatest social event of this year.

QUEEN WILHELMINA AND HER BE-TROTHED.

The portrait here presented of the young queen of Holland and her consort elect is the first one taken after their betrothal was announced.

The young queen, as is well known, succeeded to the throne on the death of her father in 1899 under the regency of her mother, and in 1898 assumed regal responsibilities. She is only 20 years of age, but has already shown that she has a mind of her own, four years ago declaring that she should never marry unless she had a voice in the matter. Although credited with being something of a flirt, she has chosen as her future consort one of the steadiest and most sober sided of the many princelings belonging to the Mecklenburg-Schwerin family. Prince Henry has not



fame, fortune or good looks. He seems a plain, everyday German lieutenant in the Prussian guards, and the Hollanders never heard of him until he was so unexpectedly raised to sit beside their beloved queen. He comes, however, of a long line of distinguished ancestry, though there are certain other person-

ages in Europe of higher rank and connections who were distinctly disappointed when the young queen announced her final choice.

SAMMY LOATES, THE FAMOUS ENGLISH JOCKEY.



The portrait presented in the accompanying illustration is that of the famous and popular English jockey, Sammy Loates, who recently arrived in this country for a trip across the continent. He is a living witness of the untruth of the proverb that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own land. Sammy is no prophet, to be sure, but all the same the simile may be used and held up to show the fallacy of the saying, for if there is any one person connected with the turf who is conspicuous on the other side it is this same Loates. More than ten years ago he had the reputation of having won more "mounts," in the season of 1889, for instance, than any other of his friends of the pigskin. The year just past he came in second, with 899 mounts to his credit, of which he lost 672 and won 137. Mr. Loates was born in Newmarket, England, 37 years ago. His weight is 109 pounds, which is about his average. The coming season, he says, he is to ride for Sir Blundell Maple, while Mr. R. S. Stievier will have second call.

A NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

The new president of the Royal Society of Great Britain, Sir William Huggins, with many titles written after his name, has been called the father of modern astronomy, and yet it is probable that his portrait, herewith present-

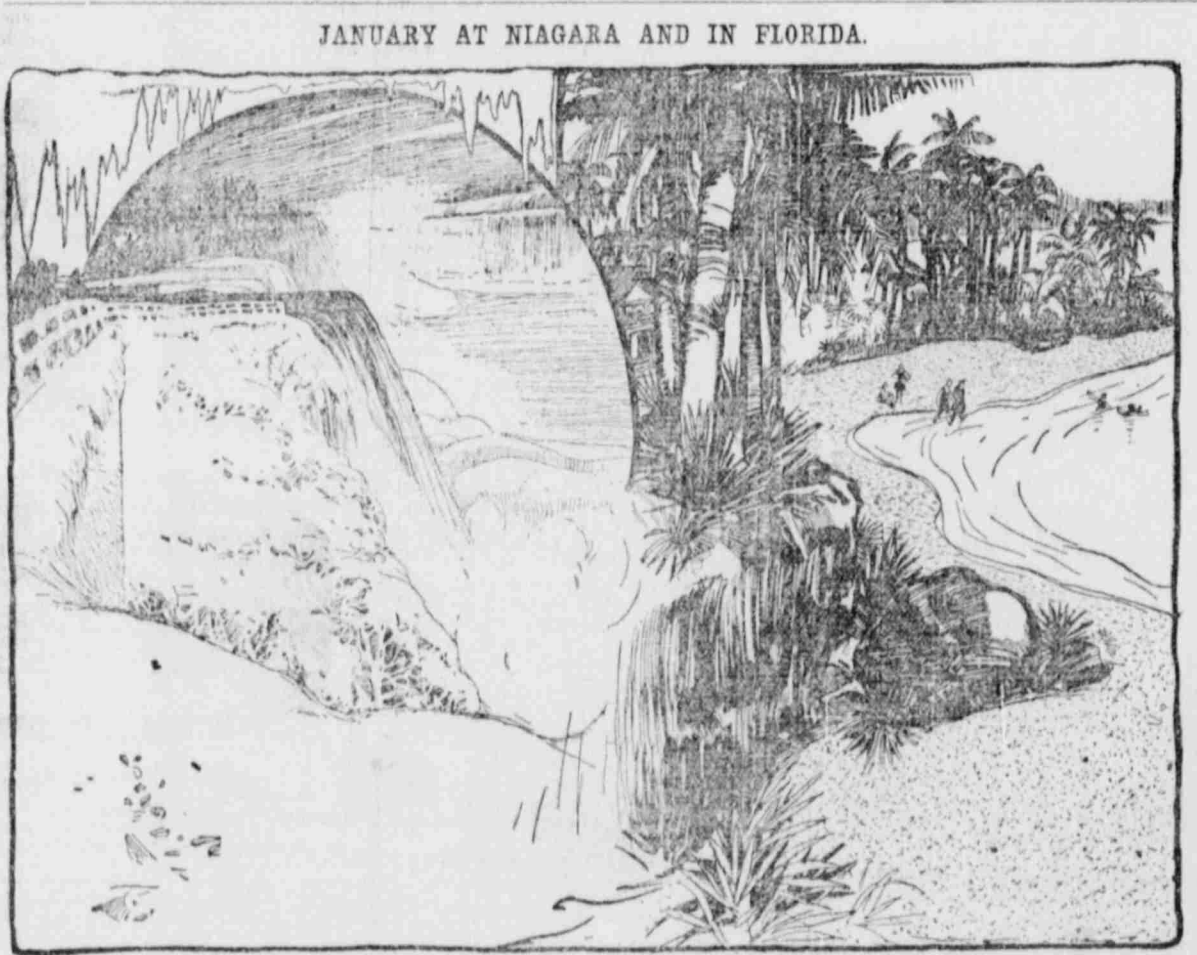


ed, is unknown to the average newspaper reader. Unlike some scientists whose names are almost household words, Sir William Huggins has labored in private, passing the major portion of his 76 years of life within the walls of his observatory, where he has done great work in astronomy. By his book on spectroscopic telescopes he has thrown light upon the chemistry of the solar system and shown to a great extent what the stars are made.

In recognition of his scientific work he has received many decorations and honorable mentions from British and foreign societies and has carried off numerous medals and prizes.

blaze. Senator Pettus is old fashioned, and his use of a bandanna is one of the ancient habits to which he clings. Nobody else in the senate has used a bandanna since the days of Allen G. Thurman.

Edmond Rostand, the French poet, owes his poor health largely to his hard work. He spends nearly all his time in writing and revising his manuscript and is so busy that he does not allow himself sufficient sleep.



JANUARY AT NIAGARA AND IN FLORIDA.

The vastness of our country, its immense area between the two oceans and its range in latitude as well as longitude are forcibly presented in the accompanying illustration, which depicts the kind of scenery now on view in Florida, taken as typical of our semitropical region, and at Niagara, which may at this season truly represent the hyperborean.

There are few other countries in the world where one may indulge in snowshoeing and skating, tobogganing and ice yachting in one section, and in less than 24 hours transport himself to another radically different, where golf and polo, baseball and picnics under umbrageous trees are all the vogue.

The winter season is at its height, and, while on the one hand Niagara offers a spectacle unequalled anywhere else—of rushing waters frozen in suspension, clad in icy coats of mail—on the other may be found the midsummer delights of Florida and California in full blast. The great hotels are open from Jacksonville to Tampa and Miami, the duck shooters are out in force, and the alligator hunters and tarpon fishermen are furnishing up their long neglected implements of destruction. The tide of travel in the main is now turning from the land of pine to that of palm, from the brisk and bracing atmosphere of the north to the region where Old Sol reigns and balmy breezes blow,

when he was found by the Union troops in the company of a notorious spy and was sentenced to be hanged with the spy. An unexpected attack on his captors by General Forrest resulted in his rescue.

The Washington Post says that altogether the most conspicuous thing in the senate is the brilliant red bandanna worn by Senator Pettus of Alabama. When it is unfurled, it fills the whole senate chamber with a lurid